My truth and honour firmely.
Alb. A Herald ho. *Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.
Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their
Reg. This sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
Come hether Herald, let the trumpet sound,
And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?
Her. If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoast of the army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*, that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third sound of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.
Bast. Sound? Againe?
Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him.
Alb. Aske him his purposes why he appeares
Vpon this call oth' trumpet.
Her. What are you? your name and qualitie?
And why you answere this present summons.
Edg. O know my name is lost by treasons tooth.
Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte, yet are I mou't
Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all.
Alb. Which is that aduersarie? (*Gloster*,
Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of
Bast. Him selfe, what saiest thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword.
That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme
May do thee Iustice, here is mine.
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and my profession, I protest,
Maugure thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor, sword and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.
False to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from the extreamest vpward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traytor say thou no
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,

As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I speake thou liest,
Bast. In wisdome I sholud aske thy name,
But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,
And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,
By right of knighthood, I disdaine and spurne
Heere do I tosse those treasons to thy head.
With the hell hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruse,
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way
Where they shall rest for euer, trumpets speake.
Alb. Saue him, saue him,
Gon. This is meere practise *Gloster* by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to answere an vnknowne opposite,
Thou art not vanquisht, but cousned and beguild,
Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper shall I stop
it, thou worse then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay
tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't. (me for
Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shal arrai
Alb. Most monstrous know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*
Alb. Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her.
Bast. What you haue chargd me with, that haue I don
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I, but what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? if thou bee'st noble
I do forgiue thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no lesse in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vertues.
Make instruments to scourge vs the darke and vitious
Place where thee he gotte, cost him his eies.
Bast. Thou hast spoken truth, the wheele is come
full circled I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A royall nobleness I must embrace thee,
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.